



[In]Direct Opposition

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from Zebra this Designation

Black. White.

Black. White.

Black. White.

Aligned in natural

symmetry. Pristine

hairline does not stray. Delineates.

Gray is never even a shadow

option.

from Zebra this Variation

Herd of stripes

dance the terror

dance. Escape

the predatory hazards of being

visible, temporarily blur the edges.

20 seam into one

flurry of panic.

Relief ripples, rips them back

into individual. Shapes

and stripes re-form. Large.

Small.

Free.

from Zebra this Breath

Disruptive variegation catches. Eye
finds focus on extremes. All
and nothing . Holding space together,
side by side. For more
than a moment consume
the surrounding blades of grass.

from Zebra this Composition

Crisp stripes blur. In motion
pounding a fluctuating bass-
line. Drawn from hoofed sand,
it reverberates
 back inside itself. Filling
its own would-be hollow with residual
strength from its own run.

from Zebra this Calamity

Stoic pause against frame
of field. Breath held. Waiting . . .

Waiting . . .

Waiting . . .

Snort follows
tail twitch. A world of whirling Rorschach
tests scramble. Eyes
lose focus. Cross
themselves in attempt to contain the chaos . . .

Surprise. Confusion.
These are the keys
to survival.

from Zebra this Hallucination

Full herd: 30 head

standing
side by side or nose to tail.
Either will flip focus, turn
into a strange kaleidoscopic swirl.
Stripes move of their own accord.
Drip.

Slip. Slide to the next
body. Or maybe s t r e t c h
to embrace the entire crowd,
a cloud of communion. A site
to be savored, swallowed
like sun.

from Zebra this Unification

Figure forcing two poles into one
body.

-- NO SEGREGATION HERE! --

Forced
attrition becomes sedentary
symbiosis. Each holds fast
against the other, but together marking.
Distinguishing. One Brand[ed breed].
Unafraid to stand
out against the fields, against the grain.

from Zebra this Calming

Motion develops into trance. Count
the steps, the stripes, the tails, trailing
against the grass. These walking
ribbons of wonder wave
even when they are still.
Black, white, black, white.

The pattern
whispers a wonder[ous lullaby].
Black, white, goodbye, goodnight.

from Zebra this Hypnotic

repetition breeds fascination. Garish
contrast to more malleable surroundings.

Vision is forced

to their direction.

They are their own

gravity calling eye

and ear (and heart?)

to listen

to the timing

of the variation

of their beat.

from Zebra this Dream

Expanse of moonlight
white cracks,
fissures fill with brilliant midnight.
Wind blows, perpetuates. Motion
dictates the forming of hooves. Four
corners dissipate, dissolve, disperse
across days, weeks, years, spans
of landscapes. Frame
after frame, the picture begins to take
hold of hand and mind. Miles
weave into a waking web,
a unique embrace. An understated
understanding of freedom. Of flight.

from Zebra this Fading

Distinction sometimes falls
to disadvantage. Focus seems foreign,
strained, a pain seeding at the edges
of conscious thought. It becomes too
much, drains itself. Soft,
the bold emblazoning stripes blur,
amalgamate, consume

each other
and the eye
of the beholder

they anchor. Nothing
divides in this bastardized distraction.
Colors streak, lines falter, opposite
bolds boil into an easy shade
of seeping gray.

from Zebra this Red

Sun bakes distinctive beast. Branded
bold against a world of solid, it screams.
Stripes have a way of dividing, driving
unfriendly eyes to their front. Forward,
they roam, run, ruining the calm-
ing vision of the plains. They intersect
with prowling prides. Dreams
of destruction rise. With fang and fight,
they collide. Some survive, but all are marred
by battle's belligerent, residual hue.

from Zebra this Separation

Painted perfectly imperfect,
they twitch and snort, stomp
against the solid

ground.

They realize their distinction, the line
that designates them: unblending.

Unbending, they merge. Many
hooves, one herd. Huddled
in the comfort that they are together
against this world, designed
to show them as different.

from Zebra this Anonymity

Safety does not lie
in numbers. These creatures are not
legion. They are small, clever, groups
unafraid to sacrifice
personal space. They stand, touching
tails, heads, shoulders. Legs
cross, interlock, until they appear
undifferentiated.

Does this one have three ears?
Dose that one have six hooves?

The divides are questionable,
indeterminable. They move as one.
Silently stamping no lone print
into the dirt.

from Zebra this Escape

Watch the colors wavering
as they walk. Unhurried, the stripings
slip, rock and rise, emulating dance.
A disconcerting arrangement of beats.
They stop and start at random. Pausing
to show the flaws in seemingly perfect skins.
The bold camouflage that does not
hold a worldly place. A twinkle, a twist,
an idea

opens like a door to the moon.
Step through. Understanding
echoes: *it's so much more*
than any dream.

